

## GRUMBLINGS BY AN OLD HORSE.

I'm nothing but a horse, a poor old horse, That's nearly free of this life's tethers: I've always worked upon the same hard course, Through summer heat, and wintry weather.

The feed I get comes out of bins and mows— The recompense for endless labor: And all I know of turning out to browse, I've gathered from the chatty neighbor.

Oftentimes he tells me, when at times he lies Exhausted by the long day's "hacking," Of grass and clover in his youth gone by, And things that set my old lips smacking.

He talks of meadows, many miles away, Where he was sent once, rustication; And where his work was scarcely more than play, And all his off-hours, luscious baiting.

He paints the picture of that time so bright, When blisful ease with work was blended, That first we whinny with intense delight; Then sigh, at thinking it is ended.

He'd have me credit all he tells about; But late he spoke of horses prancing From sheer high feeling; so I've now no doubt He's something given to romancing.

Our stalls are situated so very near, We slightly stretch our tongues of leather; And breathe our troubles in each other's ears; Then sympathizing groan together.

Nor do we sorrow for ourselves alone; We mourn for all the brute creation— That is to say, such suffering bemoan As comes within our observation.

The saddest sight we're called on to deplore Is two-car horses overloaded; That paining, straining over-work for four, At every step by fluids are goaded.

The saying, corporations have no heart, Not half expresses the reality; What have they, I wonder like to ask, apart From sordid, obdurate venality?

There is a thing, I think, called "martingale," To hold our heads in one position; No greater torture ever forced a wall From victim of the indignation.

But worse, by far, is a certain kind of "check," To make us show a "polite action." It more than racks the arching, aching neck, And drives us almost to distraction.

Heaven help the savage who invented it! For when he suffers dissolution He'll scorch, I'll wager, in the brimstone pit, Or else there is no retribution.

Just take a man and bend his neck until His nose, descending, nearly strikes it; And if by chance the process doesn't kill, You'll soon find out how much he likes it.

Do men suppose we're not of flesh and bone? 'Twould seem so, judging by their actions. It follows not, because their hearts are stone, Our nerves are likewise petrifications.

Beats have no souls! My friends you'll change that time; You'll drop that shallow speculation When we confront you, at the crack of doom, Before the Bar of Accusation.

But, paw! the list of grievances so long You'd weary of their enumeration, Besides, to suffer not complaint of, wrong You know 's a horse's fixed vocation.

Yet ere I close, one word I wish to say; Although to all we're well intentioned, We make a point to give a lusty neigh Whenever Henry Bergh is mentioned.

God bless that noble, sacrificing soul! God bless that heart, so full of active pity And when he called the time, near-evil, May angels bear him to the Golden City.

## "OLD PIZEN."

The Fighting Horse of the Stanislaus— A Reminiscence of the Early Mining Life of Senator Jones, of Nevada.

(From the Virginia City (Nev.) Enterprise.)

In the early days, many years ago, Senator Jones was engaged in mining on the Stanislaus river, California, at a place called Cherokee Flat. It was a small camp, containing scarcely more than a dozen habitations, all told. The most imposing structure in the camp was a boarding-house owned by a Mr. Joggles, a Missourian. This Joggles was a man of sporting proclivities. He owned a vicious-looking bull-dog, with but one eye, whose nose was covered with scars, and whose front teeth were always visible, even when in the most friendly mood. The dog he was ready to back against any dog on the river for a fight. He also had two or three game roosters of whose prowess he was boastful. But his especial glory and pride was his fighting horse, a large, powerfully-muscled, and exceedingly vicious "broncho," which he called "Old Pizen." And "pizen" he was to all four-footed creatures in that region; indeed, was so "mean" that he was almost poison to himself.

This fierce and unsocial beast had taken possession of a large grassy flat, about half a mile above the camp, and would allow no other animal to come upon what he viewed as his private domain; nor, for the matter of that, to come anywhere near the camp. At Cherokee Flat, the old broncho was monarch of all he surveyed. He had whipped and run off every animal that had been brought to the camp. The miners several times swore vengeance against Old Pizen, and would have shot him, but that they liked Joggles, and the soul of Joggles delighted in Old Pizen, therefore they let him live.

Not content with conquering intruders, the old broncho would chase them for miles, running them clear out of the country. The moment he saw a strange animal he laid back his ears and went for him, using both heels and teeth.

About all this Joggles didn't care a cent. When told of one of the exploits of the animal he would laugh in spite of himself, and would swear that Old Pizen was the "biggest fightin' hoss on the Stanislaus," and that he would back him again any critter that ever wore hair. He would tell how a big American horse chased away by Old Pizen was found forty miles distant with his tail gnawed off to a stump. When he thought of the actual appearance of the mained horse must have presented with his little stump of a tail, Joggles would laugh till the tears would run down his cheeks.

The fame of the "fighting horse" extended for miles around the camp. Prospectors passing that way with pack animals were warned against him. "Be wary of the fighting horse" was the word through all that section of the country.

Sonora, the county seat of Tuolumne county, was the source whence the miners at Cherokee Flat drew their supplies of "grub" and other necessities. The town was fifteen or twenty miles distant and the miners would occasionally go up there, order what they wanted, and have it "packed" down to their cabins.

One day J. P. Jones and one of his partners went up to Sonora to procure supplies for his company, known as the "Buckeye." They remained overnight in town, intending to return next day. In the morning, soon after they arose, they heard a terrible commotion in a livery stable just across the street from their hotel. Running over to ascertain the cause, they found that a big Spanish jackass had found his way into the stable through a rear door, and was on the war-path among the horses. He

had cleaned out several stalls almost at a dash, and then reached that occupied by a powerful black stallion. Here he found work to do. As Jones and partner entered a furious battle was raging, the horse using his heels and the jack his teeth. The horse being confined by a strong halter, the jack had rather the best of it. After tearing and mauling the flanks of the horse frightfully, the furious jack, unmindful of the blows the stablemen were raining upon his back, suddenly crowded himself forward in the stall and seized the horse by the under-lip. Here he held on like a bull-dog, the poor horse quivering in every muscle and moaning in great agony.

One of the proprietors of the stable drew his revolver and was about to shoot the savage ass, when his owner arrived and a fierce wrangle ensued. The owner of the fighting jack drew his pistol, and for a time it looked as though there was likely to be a "man-for-break-fast."

Finally, however, the owner of the jack succeeded in getting him away from the trembling and mangled horse, and drove him out of the stable.

It now occurred to Mr. Jones that there was an animal that would make Old Pizen sick at the stomach.

A word of this thought to his partner, and they agreed, if possible, to secure the fighting jackass. Following the owner of the jack, they soon came to an understanding with him. They were told that the jack was a good pack animal, and as quiet as a lamb when no horses were about. When he came where there were horses his whole nature changed, and he went for them with the fury of a tiger. The jack being an unusually powerful animal, the owner asked \$75 for him. Jones and partner agreed to run him a trip on trial and gave the owner \$75, which he was to keep in case the jack returned within a certain time.

Having secured the fighting jack, Jones and partner packed him and started home in high feather. As soon as he was out of town, the jack became as docile and sleepy as any other old "burro" that ever trotted a trail. Before getting home the beast became absolutely lazy, and Jones & Co. began to fear that, off his own dunghill, their jack was of no account as a fighter.

It was about sundown when the men reached Cherokee Flat and drove up to the door of the "Buckeye Company's" cabin. The partners had quit work and come up from the bar. They were getting supper, but, for a time, discontinued the work of frying bacon and baking slap-jacks to come out and ask "J. P." and companion how they came by the big donkey.

In a few words as possible Jones made them acquainted with the character of the beast. When he had finished his account of the scene at the livery-stable, every man of the Buckeye Company was firmly convinced that the big jack could "walk the log" of old Nick himself; but mum was the word. No hint of the fighting qualities of the animal was to go out of the cabin.

Presently Joggles, whose boarding-house was just across the street, espied the jackass, and came over to where he was being unpacked.

A smile struggled about the corners of his mouth as he came.

Walking up to the beast, and eying him from stem to stern for a time, Joggles said:

"Purty good chunk of a jackass. Bin buyin' him?"

"Well," said Jones, "I don't know. We have him on trial. We may buy him. He is big and strong, and seems nice and quiet—may be a trifle lazy."

Joggles, who seemed to be calculating about how many monthfuls he would make for Old Pizen, at last said:

"Well, yes, he seems rather quiet."

Having unpacked the jack, one of the "boys" gave him a slap with a strap, as much as to say:

"You are now at liberty, old fellow; go off and enjoy yourself as you please."

"What!" cried Joggles, opening his eyes in amazement, "you ain't going to turn that jack loose here? The first thing you know he'll poke off up the flat where Old Pizen is. Then he'll be a dead jack as sure as you live. Why, he wouldn't make a monthful for Pizen."

"Well, I don't know," said Jones; "the jack is a very quiet old fellow, and I guess Old Pizen won't think him worth bothering with. Besides, the chances are that he will stay and pick about camp—won't find his way up to the camp at all."

"Well, just as you please," said Joggles, pretending some concern; "but you know what Old Pizen is!"

"Yes, I know," said Jones; "but Pizen is getting old. I guess he don't thirst for the fray as in his younger days. I shouldn't wonder, now, if the old jack were to whip him—in case they should get together," added Jones, laughing.

"What!" cried Joggles, turning red; "that blamed old jackass whip Pizen! Not much! I'll bet you \$100—yes, I'll bet you \$200—he can't whip one I'll bet of him! Come, now!"

"The trouble is," said Jones, "that the jack is in a strange place. He might not fight. However, he looks as though there might be some fight in him. If the two ever do get together, I rather think he will make it warm for the broncho."

"You do, eh?" said Joggles. "Well, I don't. Here, here, now—back up your opinion or take water. Here's \$200! I am willing to bet that the animal alone—let them find their way to each other—and I bet this \$200 that, when they do meet, Old Pizen whips—that he eats your jack up alive! Come now, Pizen here shall hold the stakes. See me, see me! Come down! Two hundred goes that Pizen whips!"

Thus urged, "J. P." covered the coin in Pizen's hand, and once it was done, a better pleased man than Joggles was never seen on the Stanislaus. He thought he had the dearest thing in the world.

The bet made, away ran Joggles to tell all the "boys" in the camp what a dead thing he had on Jones; always winding up with—"Old Pizen'll chew him up—chaw him up alive!" The last thing he said to his lodgers that night, before he went to bed, was: "Knowin' Pizen as he does, Jones was 'bout goin' crazy. That jack'll be chawed up—chawed up alive!"

All the evening the jack remained

browsing about the camp, and the next morning was still there—standing with head down and eyes closed, dreamily moving his ears, and lazily switching his scanty tail.

Joggles smiled contemptuously every time he looked at the old jack. Standing on his porch, as the miners of the camp passed on their way down to their claims on the river, Joggles facetiously inquired whether any of them would like to back "That that ferocious beast against Old Pizen for another \$200."

At last all the men of the camp were down on the river at work. About 9 o'clock in the morning one of the men of the Buckeye Company happened to go from the bar up to the bank of the river for something. A moment after, grinning gleefully, he called out to those below: "The impatient Joggles is going to bring on the game. There'll be some fun before long; I see him starting the old jack up along the valley toward the flat. He's on the sly, and is getting rather keen to see that fight!"

Watching Joggles, he was seen in the edge of the timber throwing rocks to urge the jack to move up a streak of open ground that led to the flat between two groves of pines. Presently he came back and seated himself on his porch, getting up once in a while and stretching his neck to see if the jack was going in the right direction. He was dying to have the animals get together.

At last a man who had climbed upon the bank reported that the jack was not to be seen, and that he had no doubt gone over the ridge into the flat.

All was now excitement among the men, and two or three of them were constantly on the river-bank listening for sounds of the fray. Presently they cried out that the battle had begun. All hands hastened to the top of the high, steep bank, whence was to be had a fair view of the open ground leading up to the ridge, beyond which lay the flat where roamed the fighting horse.

Although half a mile distant, a terrible squealing and braying could be distinctly heard—cries of rage and pain from the contending animals. A great cloud of red dust could be seen rising from the ridge. This cloud, that told of the battle, moved to and fro; sometimes appearing to approach quite near to the crest of the ridge, then again to recede. All this time there was heard the most fearful squealing and braying imaginable—sometimes very distinctly, again more faintly, as the varying breeze wafted the sounds or as the scene of the battle shifted.

Looking toward the camp, Joggles was seen, jumping up and down, and running frantically about, evidently intensely excited. Soon he was observed to get a ladder, and mount the roof of his porch, and thence to climb to the top of his house, vainly stretching out his neck to obtain a view of the fight.

Now the cloud of dust was seen to rapidly approach the crest of the ridge, and soon it came whirling over it. Then were seen two dense clouds of dust, both rolling rapidly in the direction of the camp. Wild snorts and hoarse brays were heard. Swiftly the red clouds rolled on, and soon in the foreground the form of an animal could be seen. A puff of wind showed this to be the broncho—Old Pizen. At the distance of three or four hundred yards behind rolled a rapidly-following cloud, as we have sometimes seen two small whirlwinds in playful mood. What was in this last cloud could not be seen, but the "Buckeye boys" felt that their jackass was there.

Down into the camp charged the terrified broncho, snorting with fear at every jump, and occasionally half turning his head in order to see if the terrible jack was still in pursuit. As the frantic horse tore through the camp with nostrils distended, mane flying in the wind, and tail sticking out straight behind, Joggles was heard shouting wildly from the roof of his house, "Whoa, Pizen! Whoa, Pizen!" But just at that moment there was no "whoa" in Old Pizen. Down through all the little town he came—making directly for the bar, as though in search of human assistance.

Straight on he came till he reached the bank of the river, here fully 20 feet in perpendicular height. At the brink he halted, hesitating to take the fearful leap, and with eyes starting from their sockets, took one long despairing look behind. Then came the venomous and indomitable jackass, never breaking his steady, rolling gallop.

With outstretched neck, ears laid back, and scant tail whipping up and down with each bound, on he came. The old broncho erected his tail, took one more glance at his approaching foe, gave a snort of terror, and leaped from the bank down into the river. Luckily for him the water was deep. Rising to the surface he swam to the opposite shore, and came out all right on a bar that put out from the bank on that side. Here he halted, evidently feeling himself safe.

The jack thundered on, and came near plunging into the river before aware of its rescue. But by bracing all back till his haunches almost touched the ground, he came to a halt. But it was only for a moment. Seeing the old broncho on the other shore, he stretched out his neck, and, giving a diabolical "yee-haw," unhesitatingly plunged into the river and diligently struck out for the horse.

The reckless and energetic persistence on the part of the enemy was evidently unexpected to the broncho. He gazed for a few moments at the jack, as he rose to the surface and began swimming—gazed as though thunderstruck at the fearful energy displayed by the little beast—then tossing his tail aloft and giving a tremendous snort, he dashed away down the river at the top of his speed.

The jack was soon over the narrow stream. On landing he snuffed the ground a moment, then raising his head and catching a glimpse of the fleeing horse, away he sped in keen pursuit.

A bend in the river soon hid the animals from view. As the men were still standing gazing after them, a great crash was heard. More than one voice then cried: "The gulch! the gulch! By Heaven! they have both gone into Devil's Gulch!"

What was referred to as "Devil's Gulch" was a narrow ravine, with rocky, perpendicular walls which put into the river about 50 yards below the bank.

"Something fell into the gulch," sure," cried the man, "and it must

have been either the horse or jack, or both."

All now started for a crossing some distance up the river, in order to go down the other shore and see what had happened. Joggles, who had before this descended from the roof of his house, now came puffing and blowing across lots, and joined the party from the river, fifteen or twenty men in all, as they came from several claims.

"D—n a jackass, anyhow!" was all that Joggles said as he came up with the crowd. As all knew his feelings, no one said a word.

"D—n a jackass!" he several times muttered as they moved down the river after having crossed over.

Rounding the bend, they came in full view of the gulch. There, upon its rocky brink, stood the jack. With outstretched neck he was gazing intently into the chasm below. His ears were lopped forward, as though to shade his eyes and give him a clearer view of what lay at the bottom of the gulch. The sound of approaching footsteps at length attracted his attention. Turning his head and seeing the party drawing near, he moved back from the brink of the precipice, gave his tail a flourish, and uttered a series of triumphal "Yee-haws!"

Looking down into the chasm the men beheld lying at the bottom—motionless in death—Old Pizen, the fighting-horse of the Stanislaus. His head was doubled under him—his neck was broken.

When he came up out of the gulch, after having ascertained this fact, Joggles was deadly pale. Drawing and cocking his six-shooter, he advanced toward the party and said: "John P. Jones, you knowed that that jackass was. Don't speak! Let no man here speak a word."

With this he turned suddenly to where the jack stood with head down, moping sleepily, and sent a bullet through his brain. The beast fell without a moan, when Joggles advanced and deliberately emptied the contents of his revolver into its carcass. He then seized it by the ears, dragged it to the brink of the precipice, and tumbled it down upon the body of the old broncho, saying:

"As you are the only thing that ever whipped him, d—n me, you shall lie and rot with Old Pizen—Old Pizen, the Fittin' Hoss of the Stanislaus."

## Spontaneous Origin of Hydrophobia.

Does hydrophobia ever originate spontaneously in animals, and does it originate so in man? There are numerous examples before us that it does. Flemming cites a very remarkable example of a small dog which was being transported in France on a railroad car. The locomotive whistle sounded and the dog became very much excited. No matter what the owner did, he could not quiet him, and finally had to get out of the car, taking the dog with him. The dog afterward died with perfectly scientific hydrophobic symptoms. If the disease originates spontaneously in animals, and there seems to be no doubt of it, why can it not originate spontaneously in man, under the influence of emotional disturbances? How many such cases do we find? We know, and all the evidence seems to be clear and to the point, that though the influence of the imagination cholera has been induced. Some, perhaps, may recollect the remarkable experience in Austria on certain prisoners. The Government gave them a free pardon on the condition that they were to sleep in the beds of cholera patients. The prisoners agreed to this, and some were put in beds a long way from where there had been cholera patients and where no cholera patients had ever slept. The imagination was so strong that they had the disease. It is also true in epilepsy and in tetanus (lockjaw); chorea (St. Vitus' dance) is another one of the spasmodic diseases brought on in this way. If such disease can be brought on in that way, why not hydrophobia? I am strongly inclined to believe—I say it with some reservations—that hydrophobia very frequently is excited by fright, and there are numerous instances to that effect to be found in all medical works—so many of them that it is hardly worth while for me to tire you with their recital, but there is one which is very striking and indisputable, I think.

Two brothers were bitten simultaneously in France by the same dog. Almost immediately one fulfilled his engagement to go to Holland, and remained absent ten years. Meantime—that is, two or three months afterward—the brother who remained in France died of hydrophobia. Ten years later, when the brother returned from Holland, he was told for the first time that his brother had died of hydrophobia. That very night symptoms of the disease appeared in him, and he died in two days. Now, that is a very striking case, and one very difficult to get over, for we cannot suppose the virus remained dormant in that man's for ten years. It certainly is a very remarkable case, and the only question is as to whether it is true or not. I see no reason to doubt because of the analogous instances I have adduced. And we know, too, that various diseases of the nervous system which are accompanied with well-marked pathological, morbid, structural changes are induced by emotion—inflammation of the brain for instance. All of us can recall instances to our knowledge where inflammation of the brain—a disease undoubtedly of structural character—has been adduced by emotional disturbances, and we know insanity has structural changes in nearly if not all cases.—Dr. William A. Hammond.

GAS FROM PETROLEUM.—For the production of illuminating gas from crude petroleum, a jet of steam and air is thoroughly heated, and dried by passing through four retorts, and then comes in contact with the crude petroleum, taking up therefrom a supply of the oil vapor. It next passes through three other retorts, where the final heating takes place, into the gas-holder. Loss of oil is prevented by conversion and deposit into solid carbon.

If you have been pickling or handling acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stain will disappear.

## All Sorts.

Boston has 2,300 drinking places. TEXAS has a population of 1,050,000.

IOWA claims to have 26,000 Spiritualists.

The debt of the District of Columbia is \$20,000,000.

ABOUT 1,000 bills have gone over to the next session of Congress.

On the 13th of October, 1782, the corner-stone of the White-House was laid.

A WOMAN in Waynesburg, Penn., is reading the Bible through for the forty-eighth time.

The population of Sweden, at the end of 1867 was 4,195,000; in 1869, only 4,158,000; 1870, 4,168,000; and 1872, again 4,250,000.

This year in South Carolina the death rate among the colored population has been a little more than twice as great as among the whites.

Of the Harvard graduates, this year, two were in the Rebel army and one in the Union. The class is the largest ever graduated from that college.

LAST month eighty-four and a half per cent. of "Old Probabilities," predictions were well verified, and the percentage continues to increase.

A TWENTY-THREE days' substitute for a teamster in the war of 1812 is very indignant because he can't get a pension, and he is writing to the papers about it.

Of the 1,348,067 workers in metal in Great Britain, 376,783 are miners, 174,704 workers, etc., on arms, 779,838 workers and dealers in minerals and metals, and 16,742 machine and tool-makers.

THE religious statistics of Australia now show 737,000 Episcopalians, 263,537 Presbyterians, 213,436 Methodists, 45,932 Independents, 388,412 Baptists, 49,550 other Protestants, and 436,436 Roman Catholics.

A NEWARK (N. J.) couple recently performed a delicate duty before being married. They together visited a cemetery and first decorated the grave of the gentleman's former wife, and then that of the lady's former husband.

A NAVY Department clerk took his girl out riding recently, and because he told her that he didn't need a dashboard, as her feet would answer every purpose, she won't speak to him any more.—Washington Chronicle.

COL. RICE, of the United States Army, who invented the trowel-bayonet, has just completed, in connection with two other gentlemen, a little appliance for stacking arms, which has met with much approval from military men.

ONE bayou in Texas, could furnish 10,000,000 bushels of salt annually, at a cost of ten cents per bushel. It is not more than eighteen inches deep. The water is rapidly evaporated, and the salt settles in great quantities in the bottom.

BOSTON CORBETT, who shot Wilkes Booth, is living in Camden, N. J., and on week-days follows the profession of hatter in Philadelphia. He preaches every Sunday in the Independent Methodist Church in Camden, where he is very popular.

HARTFORD's greatest wonder now is a Thomas cat that weighs 23 pounds, is 38 inches long, or 26, barring the tail, and stands 13 inches high at the hips and 14 at the shoulders. This beats the premium cat at the recent English show, which weighed only 21 pounds.

THE Centennial managers have wisely concluded to cut their coat according to the cloth, and have fixed upon plans for the exposition building which involve a cost of only \$1,200,000—much less than was contemplated before the refusal of Congress to contribute from the public Treasury.

THERE are 38 persons to a square mile in the British Empire; 260 in the United Kingdom; 201 in India, and 141 in the colonies. The Queen rules over 234,762,593 souls; her people dwell in 44,142,651 houses; the area of the land they inhabit is not less than 7,796,446 square miles.

An English chemist, officially employed to detect adulteration, reported forty faulty samples out of a hundred and seventy. Arrowroot was mixed with starch, coffee with chicory, milk with water, mustard with flour and turmeric, vinegar with sulphuric acid and oil of vitriol.

THE Iowa State Agricultural Society offers a premium of \$1,000 for the best acres of artificial timber, payable in 1881; also \$500 for the best cultivated farm; payable in 1875; \$250 payable in 1876; for the best orchard of five acres; and \$200 for the best mile of hedge, payable in 1877.

THERE is not room enough in the English Commons Chamber for all the members of the body. 654. The largest number known to have assembled is 640, but of these, many did not enter the House, but remained lying on sofas in division lobbies fast asleep, and lounging in the smoke room or in the terrace until summoned to a division.

Through Six Hundred Feet of Sewer A young man named Thomas Welch had a rather novel experience in Newburg, N. Y., recently, an account of which is given in the Telegraph. It seems the main-trunk sewer through South William street is being made deeper. During the heavy shower which came up yesterday afternoon the workmen took refuge from the rain in various places. This young man and a small boy went under the arch of the sewer under Colden street, which was left standing. After the rain had been falling a short time, the water in the sewer, which extends up a steep hill, began to rise rapidly, and young Welch saw they would have to move. He helped the boy out, but before he could get out himself the water swept his feet from under him, and he shot down through 600 feet of sewer with lightning speed. Where the sewer empties into the river he caught hold of the gate, and was rescued by two men who happened to be passing in a boat just at that time. He was thoroughly drenched, but unhurt, and his escape from death was marvelous. It is estimated that he was sixteen seconds in shooting through the 600 feet of sewer.

## Curious Incidents.

Correspondents of the Boston Transcript are relating instances of curious coincidences. We quote:

"A gentleman dreamed about commencement time of a college mate whom he never knew well or cared for especially, and had not seen or heard of, or thought of for a decade. Next day he saw him in Boston. He had lately returned from a protracted absence from the country. A lady dreamed of an old family servant who quit her home years ago, settled at a distance, and was as much segregated from her and a stranger to her thoughts as though inhabiting another sphere of existence. She called on her within twenty-four hours.

"About a dozen years ago, I met one day, on Washington street, as I thought, a citizen of a distant town, with whom I had long before a slight acquaintance, but whom I had not seen or thought of for many years. As we passed each other I saw it was not he, but two blocks farther on I met the very man. Having had one similar experience before, this became the more strongly impressed upon my mind. About two years after, I was walking one evening on Tremont street, on the sidewalk lately removed, and when near West street gate I was on the point of speaking to Mr. H., an intimate business acquaintance, but the gas-light at that moment showed it was a stranger whom I had met instead of my friend. The other incident came to my mind, and I thought, 'Would it not be a curious circumstance if I should meet Mr. H. during my walk?' and, to my astonishment, I did meet and talk with him on that very sidewalk before I got to Park street corner."

## Arbitration vs. War.

A lynx and a wildcat were stealthily approaching from opposite directions a dozing pheasant. The lynx, however, was rather before the wildcat, and had but just secured his prey, when his rival put in an appearance, and the following angry discussion took place:

Wildcat—"How dare you poach on my ground? I've lived here all my life, and that bird's mine."

Lynx—"I don't care. I caught it, and I mean to eat it."

Wildcat—"You shan't."

Lynx—"I will."

A terrible struggle then took place, but although they both fought desperately for a long time, it proved to be a drawn battle.

The wildcat then said, "Suppose we call in the lion, and accept arbitration in the matter?"

"Agreed," said the lynx.

Just fancy their mutual chagrin when they found that in the very thickest of the fight a neighbor had slipped unobserved away with the prize.

"O," said the lynx, "why didn't we think of that arbitration and mutual concession before the battle? We have gained nothing by the war; we have lost what we fought about, and inflicted injuries on ourselves which may take a long time to heal. Yes, it is certainly better to settle differences by arbitration rather than by war."

An English domestic gas-making apparatus consists of an iron retort fixed over an ordinary kitchen range, so that gas is distilled during the usual processes of cooking. The coke may be used to support the fire. The gas passes through a condenser to a petroleum chamber, thence through four perforated floors covered alternately with layers of lime and sawdust, and finally to a reservoir of the usual construction. Should this quantity not be sufficient for domestic use, a second form of the apparatus may be fixed in an out-house, and it is calculated, can supply gas at a cost of 2s 2d per 1,000 cubic feet.

Ort in Wisconsin a horse kicked and killed a book agent, whereupon the citizens made a donation party for the horse, and he now has oats enough to last him a full horse lifetime.

ROCHESTER'S *Lanterne* appeared for the first time at Geneva on June 26th, and sold immensely. It was a hoax, but they thought it just as witty, and perhaps it was.

Economy, comfort, looks, all combine to make SILVER TIPPED Shoes indispensable for children. Try them. Never wear through at the toe.

"Truth is Mighty, and will Prevail."

SEVENTY-ONE YEARS OF AGE.

Mr. H. R. STEVENS: Dear Sir—